

Colorado Lighting

In the summer of 1853 Wilbur F. Stone, now a citizen of Pueblo, accompanied by a tall and athletic mountaineer, ascended to the summit of Mount Lincoln for the purpose of ascertaining its altitude barometrically. The day was clear and pleasant, and the wind moderate. After accomplishing their object Mr. Stone observed a heavy cloud approaching rapidly from the northwest, sweeping furiously through a congeries of rugged peaks, roaring louder and louder as it approached the higher summit upon which they stood. When the cloud reached the side of the mountain, driven by a fierce wind, it rose rapidly toward the summit. While gazing at it Mr. Stone stretched his arm toward it, when instantly his fingers began to give out a sound like the buzzing of a large bug or beetle. Very soon this large buzzing and snapping sound seemed to be all around them, and more particularly in their hair. The other man, whose bushy locks were so long that they hung down to his shoulders, supposing that a bug had really got into his hat, took it off; when behold, his hair rose and stood on end, giving him an appearance at once ludicrous and hideous. Mr. Stone, whose hair was shorter and lighter, then took off his hat, and found his hair affected in the same way. He then extended his hand toward his companion, when a chain of electric sparks flew out of the ends of his fingers, although covered with a thick glove, until an equilibrium was established. Meantime the buzzing kept up all around.

A bank of drifted snow lay upon the northeast side of the summit. Two dogs which were with them got upon the snow and engaged in frolicsome gambols, as if in a high state of enjoyment; but they were partially sheltered from the wind which then swept like a hurricane across the summit. Mr. Stone threw a stick a little way above them, which one of the dogs ran to pick up, but just as he reached it the wind struck him and with it an electric shock, which caused him to utter a loud cry and take his heels down the mountain side, with his hair like the tail of an angry or scared cat.

The next sensation was an almost unbearable pricking, as if their entire bodies had been covered with stinging insects, or as if a fine needle had been applied to every pore, while sparks were flying from one man to the other, and from one object to another continually, with still more vigorous buzzing and snapping sounds. Uttering a bold exclamation of terror, the bold mountaineer sprang from the summit and descended the side of the mountain about fifty feet, and Mr. Stone followed him. There they stopped for a few minutes, the confused noises and prickling sensation still continuing. Then a broad sheet of lightning, with an intensely bright spark or stream in the centre, surrounded, or rather enveloped them. Instantly the buzzing and pricking ceased, and they were perfectly at ease. The electricity with which they were a moment before so heavily charged was withdrawn. Still, there was not the slightest detonation. —*Pittsburg Gazette*.

He Didn't Have Faith.

"When I was a young man," said the Judge, mopping the beer off his brows with a handkerchief he had borrowed from Billy Weed, "I knew a blacksmith in our village who was one of the hardest ticket-holders in the place. A revival preacher came along, and Tom was converted. It made a great change in him, and he was laid up by church people as a signal example of the saving power of grace. After Tom had been traveling on the road to heaven about three weeks his turn came to be examined on the fitness for church membership. Tom was an awful heathen, and although he could sing and pray with the loudest, he couldn't read, and knew no more about the Bible than a wild African. The session (I think that's what they call it) met, one Saturday night, and Tom went in, with his face washed and his cap on his head, looking a little embarrassed, but as happy as new converts always are. After the praying and other preliminaries the parson got to work on Tom. He told him the story of Jonah and the whale, and asked him if he believed that. 'Believed that a man was in a whale's belly?' came out alive! cried Tom. 'Do the Bible say that, parson?' 'Certainly, certainly, brother.' 'Oh, yes, yes; of course I believe,' says Tom. 'Do you believe that the three Hebrew children, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, were cast into a furnace heated seven times hotter than hell, and that they walked in the flame praising the Lord, and not even their garments were singed?' Tom's eyes bulged out of his head as he looked at the parson and gasped: 'Do the Bible say that, parson?' 'Yes, of course, my brother.' 'Then they tellers you spoke of walked around in fire seven times hotter than hell heat my forge?' 'Yes, my brother; do you believe it?' Tom rose up, and got out into the aisle. Then he spatred: 'No, I don't. And I don't believe that fish story neither, now.' —*Virginia Daily Chronicle*.

How a Magistrate got the Better of a King.

In 1864 the German Emperor, then only King of Prussia, made an incognito journey into Hungary. One day, "walking promiscuously" in the neighborhood of Treptitz, he met a gentleman slowly pacing the road, tranquilly smoking his porcelain pipe the while. His Majesty, always curious for information, saluted the stranger: "What are you, My good man?" he asked. "A Magistrate," answered the stranger, somewhat taken back by the abruptness of the question. "And are you contented with your lot?" "Certainly." "Then," said the King, "allow me to congratulate you!" He was just moving away when it occurred to the magistrate that it was now his turn to become the questioner. "And you my good man—who are you?" he asked, of the Prussian monarch. "I am the King of Prussia," answered the latter, thinking to confound the Hungarian, who did not, however, seem the least surprised. "Are you contented with your lot?" he demanded, as he blew a whiff of smoke into the air. "Of course," replied William, with some appearance of beginning to feel annoyed. "Glad to hear it, allow me to congratulate you," said the magistrate, as taking another pull at his porcelain pipe, and courteously saluting the King, he quietly continued his walk, and Prussian Majesty, thoughtfully going on his way, did not feel exactly satisfied with the impression he had made on the Hungarian.

For Charity's Sake.

"Now you just skip out of this," said a big, burly deck hand in the ladies' cabin of a Fulton ferry boat, as he caught a thinly-clad, shivering barefooted boy by the ear and marched him toward the door. "Get out on the deck — lively now." The little fellow had been following the passengers for cents, and the man had caught him at it. "Oh, please don't," screamed the child, as the deck hand twisted his ear. "I'll go, I will." A fashionably-dressed woman stepped quickly forward, and her silk rustled and her eyes snapped fire as she said, "What has he done; why do you treat the child so harshly?"

"He's a young beggar, mam; and the rules doesn't allow beggars in the boats, mam."

"Let him stay in here," said she. "It's cold outside. He is barefooted, and so young, too—why can't he be more than five or six years old?"

"He can stay here if he behaves himself. He mustn't beg—it's agin the rules, mam," and the big man as he let go the little one's ear and stood watching him.

"Poor little fellow," mused the lady, scanning the boy's pale pinched face closely. "You look tired and hungry. I've a mind to give you something."

"It's for rum if you give him a cent, mam; his folks will take it all away from him before his foot's put ashore three minutes," answered the deck hand.

But the kind lady handed the shivering child one of Uncle Sam's crisp fifty cents promise to pay hereafter, saying, "He certainly needs shoes and something to eat."

"Mistaken charity," persisted the valiant employee. "We know 'em all—he'll get no good of the money."

"He's welcome to the little I gave him," she answered, and noticing that the passengers were regarding her with interest, she added: "and I believe every person in this cabin believes I am right—and that most of them are willing to give the poor child a penny or two."

The passengers all agreed with her, and they began dropping money into the little fellow's hat until the episode proved his bonanza.

The boat touched the plankings. The boy skipped to shore and crossed the street to Fulton market. The reporter followed him round into Beckman street and saw him wait on the corner; two minutes afterward he saw the well-dressed lady approach from the other side of the market; saw the boy carefully empty the money into her gloved palm, and passing the pair heard her say cheerfully, "Well, Dick, I guess we'll try the Roosevelt street boat."

A Gun that Held a Regiment at Bay.

Mr. William B. Wiggins has in his possession a remarkable gun, and one that has an unwritten and partly unknown history more remarkable than the weapon itself. As to where it was made, or by what train of circumstances its death dealing crack became a sound of terror along the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers during the earlier years of the late war, we shall not pretend to say. The very sound of the gun became known and familiar, and an ominous one along infantry skirmish lines, and among the sharpshooters. Near the time of the battle of Shiloh some infantry had been employed in skirmishing or reconnoitering duty in the deep-tangled woods. Crack, bang, boom roared at intervals the old gun in the distance, at every discharge laying a soldier stiff and stark in death with unerring accuracy. Shift their positions as they might, the gun would hang away, and with a hiss and a thud there would be one soldier less. The direction of the firing was ascertained, and the party returned, leaving the murderous gun cracking away as they retreated. Shortly afterward the old firelock was heard again with her murderous music. It was resolved at all hazards, to find and capture the infernal machine. After persistent efforts a tall, raw-boned, grizzled bearded, large sized Texas ranger was discovered in the foliage of a tall tree, from among the branches of which he was picking off his foes as well as he had picked off hundreds before. Brought to bay, he continued to load and shoot with deadly aim till brought down, and the famous gun was captured. It is a gun of immense calibre, being near eight feet long, with a smooth bore, single barrel, large enough to admit a small-size walnut.—*Bowling Green (Ky.) Paragraph*.

We learn that within the last two weeks a singular discovery has been made at the house of Josse Garth, for many years deceased. It is said that a distinct and accurate likeness of Mrs. Garth, who has been dead for twenty years, can be seen on a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows, presenting very much the appearance of a photograph negative. The discovery is said to have been made by a woman who was washing clothes in the yard, who imagined some one was watching her through the window and went inside to see who it was. We gather these facts from Dr. Charles Brown, who has himself seen the singular picture. Dr. Brown remembers that about twenty years ago, Mr. Garth told him that his wife, while standing at that window, was stunned by a sudden flash of lightning, and the Doctor's theory is that the outlines of her features were photographed on the window-pane at that time. The youngest daughter of Mrs. Garth, and others who were well acquainted with Mrs. Garth, have seen the picture and pronounce it as a striking likeness. It is said to be more distinct about nine o'clock in the morning and three in the evening that at any other time of the day.—*Charlotte (Va.) Chronicle*.

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